New-England Galaxy & Masonic Magazine.

TO RAISE ESTEEM, WE MUST BENEFIT OTHERS; TO PROCURE LOVE, WE MUST PLEASE THEM.—DR. JOHNSON.

No. 111. FRIDAY, November 26, 1819. Vol. III.

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☞ C. C. NICHOLS's House, second door on the left in Round street, leading out of Federal street.
October 1.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE
In Forty-Eight Lessons.

J. HAMILTON presents his grateful acknowledgements to the polite and numerous audience which honoured his Lecture with their presence on Tuesday.

In order to meet the wishes of some friends, and it is supposed of the public generally, the whole Course of 48 Lessons will be divided into sections of 6 Lessons each, given three times a week. The ticket of admission to this, as to every succeeding section, 6 dollars; clergymen half price. At the end of the first section, the learner will be able to translate with accuracy the New Testament; or should he wish to continue the study of it longer, he will be allowed to attend another class for that purpose, without expense—and this rule will be observed in all succeeding sections of the course. No member will be permitted to pass from a lower to a higher section till he has a perfect knowledge of what constituted the study of the preceding one. The acquirement of the language is thus rendered, not an object of hope only, but to those who go through the whole course, a matter of absolute certainty. Those who attended the introductory lecture will perceive, that the burden is almost entirely thrown on the teacher. In one month the learner will be able to understand an easy French author, and his task will then be only *to read*.

A Class of Gentlemen Beginners will meet at Mr. HAMILTON's Lodging, No. 20, *Water street, corner of Devonshire street*, on MONDAY MORNING, at half past 9, and will then determine their future meetings.

Another Class of Gentlemen, also beginners, will meet *at same place* on MONDAY EVENING, at 7 precisely.

Gentlemen who wish to become members of either of them, may join the Class at the times mentioned, or give their names previously to Mr. H. at their option.

A Class is forming at *Dorchester*, and will meet early in next week.

HAMILTON will wait on those families who may wish to form a Class, however small; the progress of the first members, will probably soon add to their numbers. Nov. 19.

VESTIMENTAL ESSENCE,
AT THE REDUCED PRICE OF
75 Cents per Bottle.
FOR SALE AT THE
Music Saloon & Variety Store,
No. 34, Market-Street, Up Stairs,

THE VESTIMENTAL ESSENCE, prepared by M. DUPERRY, PARIS, which has the property of taking out perfectly in a moment, all kinds of spots produced by GREASE, OIL, PAINT, BUTTER, WAX, CANDLE GREASE, SPERMACETTI, TAR, TALLOW, &c. upon every description of CLOTHS, SILKS, CRAPES, RIBBONS, MERINOES, VELVETS, BOMBAZINES, CARPETS, dirt on COLLARS, and all peculiar STAINS, without injuring the STUFF or COLOURS, or LEAVES, in the smallest degree. Oct. 29.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

COMMODORE PERRY.

An extract from a letter of an officer to his friend,

"Notwithstanding there is nothing so certain in life as its end—notwithstanding we daily see the circle of our acquaintances circumscribed by the invading hand of death, we are not brought to reflect seriously on the common fate of all, until the stern destroyer suddenly takes from us some tenant of the heart, some friend or relative, who has long occupied its inmost recesses —'tis then, by the chasm created, by the privations sustained, we are led to ponder o'er the uncertainty of life, and to weigh the loss we have encountered—'tis then, by a deep melancholy excitement, we are called upon to sympathise with the relative and friend, the mourning widow and orphan.

"The unexpected intelligence received by the arrival of the John Adams, of the unexpected death of the Hero of Erie, excited no common emotion; sorrow and sympathy agitated by turns, and we are made sensible that the pang which death on this occasion inflicts, can break up the mind's tranquillity, and deluge the heart in bitterness. If it is for friendship and public gratitude, thus to feel, what must be the anguish of her who called the gallant Perry her partner? What the loss of those who late experienced his tenderness as a father? The tears of the widow and cries of the orphan ascend to heaven, and he "who tempers the wind to the shorn Lamb," will I pray, be to her a husband, and to her little ones a father; sustain and comfort her in tribulation, and console her with hope, that what he hath appointed is for the best, and, "that all things work together for our good."

"At a time when eulogy is bandied about on every common place subject—when Heroes and Patriots are puffed into existence by the praises of party partiality; it would seem the duty of friendship, wrapped in the sadness of its own meditations, to be silent; and indeed eulogy on the present occasion is not required,—The "Hero of Erie" needs not the song of the poet, nor the marble of the sculptor to consecrate his worth, or commemorate his fame—the splendid victory he obtained over the enemies of his country, at a dark and doubtful period of its contest, has so encircled his name with glory, and interwoven it with the brightest pages of history, as to place beyond the power of friendship or enmity, either to augment or diminish the reputation he so nobly and unequivocally acquired.

"With these sentiments, I should scarcely feel myself excusable in panegyrising a man whose name is his best comment, did not friendship derive his melancholy solace, in dwelling in elegiack commendations of one, whose death strikes heavy on the heart, and whose virtues claim the tributary memorial of sorrow.

"In this frail existence infirmity is the inheritance of us all—few, if any, are found wholly free from the imperfections which this transitory state imposes—Yet men there are, whose mortal and mental blemishes are so extenuated, and melted in the blaze of goodness and other excellencies as to escape observation, or are lost in the pondering scale of worth. Among men of this description, may be numbered Com. Perry, of whom with justice it may be said,

His imperfections were indeed so few;
His many virtues of such goodly hue—
That faults were lost, while virtue's stamp alone,
In every look and every action shone.

"My first acquaintance with the lamented Hero, was formed in the Mediterranean, where a band of gallant spirits by a valour which attracted the eyes of Europe, and drew upon them the admiration of surrounding nations, opened the prison doors of our captive citizens, and prostrated a foe, to which until then christians had been tributary!—although he did not participate in the achievements which rendered the name of Preble illustrious, yet he arrived while the blaze of triumph was still bright upon the ocean, and the laurel still fresh on the brow of the Hero he honored and imitated. The first glimmering of glory had now lighted the path of Decatur—a bold, chivalric spirit. An enterprize and ambition, regulated by a mind of lofty structure, and united with a romantic generosity, rendered him a captivating example in the eye of a youthful aspirant. Although the rank of Com. Perry did not at that period place him on a footing of intimacy with "Decatur," yet he admired and esteemed the man, in whose praise actions, and not words were eloquent. Henceforward he kept him in view, as a star by which to steer, and thus guided, he enrolled his name on the same record of glory, and acquired for the navy and himself imperishable renown. His victory on Lake Erie was consummate, and stands acknowledged one of the most finished triumphs in naval conflict; it was full, complete, and in its consequences important. As his conduct during the battle had been calm and collected, so his deportment as a victor, was generous and knightly. How beautiful is the magnanimity of a feeling heart, blended with the intrepidity of a warrior!

"Courage is one of those common gifts, of nature, of which few men are destitute. How often do we see the plume of victory waving o'er the fortunes of men, who lifted to rank and celebrity by courage or success, are devoid of the purer and more legitimate constituents of greatness. But neither courage nor the eclat of rank, unassociated with other endowments, can render a man worthy of the name of Hero—this is a sacred distinction, belonging only to him who combines a happy assemblage of qualities, elevating him above surrounding competitors, attracting, commanding and securing the admiration both of friends and foes. Com. Perry was not more distinguished for intrepidity, than for those features of character which denote a superior order of men. With great intellectual vigor, he blended a gentleness of disposition, a generosity of heart, which rendered him alive to the misfortunes of others, and fitted him for all the kindly offices of humanity. The vanquished found that valor was not his only virtue; in an assiduous exercise of kindness, in an unwearied attention to their wants, those who had fallen by the fate of war, found him a friend ready to administer to their sufferings—desirous of extenuating, of softening and rendering less afflictive the disappointment of high hopes, the chagrin and despair of unexpected overthrow. The tear of the conqueror, shed o'er the sacrifices of war, o'er the carnage of battle, is worthy of becoming a gem in the diadem of mercy.

"Applause obtained by the fortunate is not always justly bestowed; concurring causes often combine to give success, which neither merit nor genius were instrumental in acquiring. But the laurels of Perry, were won by his own valor; they will bloom upon his grave, nursed by the sigh of sorrows, and watered by the tears of worth; the sacred stole which public gratitude has thrown over his tomb, will shelter them from the breath of envy, and those to whom hereafter the name of patriot and hero is dear, shall behold them with pleasure, and preserve them with pride for posterity.

"It is not my intention to institute a parallel between Com. Perry, and any other officer.—Comparisons are seldom satisfactory, and in the present instance they are unnecessary—I think, however, without detracting from the merit of any, I may say, taken for all in all, he has not left his superior behind. If in experience, and professional knowledge he was not equal to Rodgers or Bainbridge, or Porter, men justly considered the patriarchs of our service, he possessed other qualities more rare, and not less valuable—active industry had supplied all that was essential to an able discharge of the duties of command, for which precautious prudence, and good judgement fitted him at an early age. Acquainted with his own capacity, he felt a confidence in himself, which rendered him in offices of trust and authority, prompt, judicious, and independent. His mind capable of bold conceptions, possessed coolness to contemplate, and quickness to discern objects, worthy of his ambition; such as reason and good sense approved, he pursued with a persevering ardor, productive of success. A permanent, settled principle of action, gave to his conduct, a philosophic calmness, and to his conversation, a grave and deliberate precision, which by some were considered as the effect of apathy, or the want of mental animation; but those who knew him, and were acquainted with his intellectual energy, could readily perceive, that the "even tenor" of his manner, was the result of decided firmness, and not the operation of saturnine temperament. The success, and good fortune of some men, by creating a vain confidence, and engendering the wild expectations of a fanatic ambition, unfit them for the kindly fellowship of friendship, for the humble, unostentatious duties of social life! Not so with the "Hero of Erie;"—he knew that success was not always within the grasp of merit, and recurrence to the instability of popular favor, the uncertainty of worldly possessions, had instructed him to think, that exultation should never be associated with a prosperity, which, a thousand unforeseen events in the course of a revolving sun, might change to humility and sadness:—Ambition with him was a noble aspiration, its gratification while it elevated his character, humbled his heart, and rendered him more alive to the calls of friendship, and domestic duty:—it was in the circle of his friends he shone—in an interchange of sentiment, when the mildness of his look and manner, attracted confidence, and won affection. The more feminine, and endearing virtues, which fit a man for the paths of private life—the charms and graces of an amiable temper, were eminently his; they embellished and dignified his department, and in an intercourse with his officers kept far aloof the stiffness of office, the inflated pride and moroseness of authority. The favors he conferred, were wholly untinctured with selfishness—He professed sincerely, and performed graciously,—the aid of services he rendered, were the spontaneous offerings of duty or kindness, which neither merit nor friendship ever claimed, without their being cheerfully afforded. He appeared to look upon charity and benevolence as golden links in the chain of human virtues, without which, society would be destitute of its sweetest ties; and man devoid of soul, and sympathy, fitted only for low and sordid purposes.—Few men felt, or better understood the obligations imposed by the high toned sentiments of our profession which he viewed as a fraternity, where courtesy and liberal feeling should take the place of selfishness, and interdict every thing like envy, and interested intrigue.

"Among the eminent qualities for which commodore Perry was distinguished, morality was not the least conspicuous; he seemed to possess a rooted aversion to every thing of an immoral tendency, nor would he associate with men whose actions could not bear the scrutiny of honor and justice. Without stain or reproach, his heart appeared to rest in serene composure, on a just sense of its own purity—on a consciousness of having always been actuated by upright principles, and by a strict reference to the promises of religion. Hence sprang the tranquillity with which he viewed those moments in which the barriers of nature were falling; and a gradual extinction of the vital flame portended the certain approach of death. In those moments appaling to all but the virtuous, he sent for his officers to hear his last wishes, and receive his dying benedictions! What a scene was here presented for sorrow, envy and admiration! For the peaceful confidence of the expiring hero, who would not barter the vain glory of distinction, and all the glittering peagantry of worldly prosperity!

"With endowments such as have been described, with a fame that fills his country, the reputation of commodore Perry, like an edifice on pillars of adamant, rests upon a basis not to be shaken by time—it will increase by the revolution of years, and occupy an eminence in the archives of glory. And when posterity shall return to review the events of this golden era of our national greatness, to contemplate the patriotism, wisdom and heroic deeds of departed worthies, they will rank him with the best and purest characters of the republic, and will say,

"He was a hero of the brightest stamp,
Born 'neath the influence of some kindly star,
Form'd to excel in private life, or camp,
In gentle peace or the rude scenes of war."

THE SKETCH BOOK.

The fourth number of this popular work has appeared. It contains three articles—The Mutability of Literature, Rural Funerals, and The Spectre Bridegroom. From the second of these sketches, we select the following closing remarks.

"I have dwelt upon this beautiful and rural custom, [decorating the graves of friends with flowers] because, as it is one of the last, so it is one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of truly human affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul shows its superiority to the instinctive attachment of the brute; for the love of the animal must be continually refreshed by the presence of its object, but the love of the human soul can live on long remembrance!

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a

deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy;—then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE HOLY INQUISITION.

Extract of a Letter from Valencia, Aug. 28.

"Words are wanted to express my feelings and to convey to you an idea of the scenes of horror and blood represented in this ill-fated city. My pen drops from my hand when I attempt to describe to you the horrid and excruciating torments which Elio has imposed on 119 persons, of all classes, ages, sexes and conditions, he himself being present at the greatest part of these abominable punishments, in order that by his captious and designing questions he might be able to rend from them the secret of a revolution, which he imagined would take place in Valencia. Some have had their arms and legs dislocated with irons of a new invention; others have been pressed down with heavy weights, placed on the breast and belly; *others have had their nails plucked out one by one in order to prolong their sufferings.* Even a lady, lately delivered of twins, has been separated from her family, and cast into one of the most dismal dungeons of the holy office, merely because information against her was lodged by a wicked character, who declared that she knew a great deal respecting the imaginary revolution.—Elio himself went to the inquisition to interrogate her, and she was exposed to a species of disgraceful torture of which even in this country we have no example. *She was bound by the legs and arms with harsh ropes on an uneven cradle of iron, and finding that in this painful attitude she did not give declarations conformably to the questions proposed to her, scalding water was poured on her naked limbs.* This unfortunate heroine expired amidst the greatest agonies, frantic with the remembrance of her twin children, only twenty one days old. She was one of the heroines of Valencia against the attack of marshal Moncey.—This scene has been witnessed by one of the dependents on the inquisition, less inhuman than the rest, and the weeping relatives of this female martyr to freedom are now deploring her loss. So great has been the horror and fury excited in the whole of Valencia by this painful affair that it is visible on the countenance of every individual."

From the Rhode Island American.

"From whence I rare are solitary woes?
"They love a train."

Within three months, our country has been deprived by death of an unprecedented number of distinguished individuals, who have held important stations, as Members of Congress, heads of Colleges, &c. The most remarkable fact, however, is that within that period, not less than *eight* individuals have deceased, who have sustained or been elected to the high office of Chief Magistrate, in different States, viz. John Langdon, late Governor of New-Hampshire; Caleb Strong, late Governor of Massachusetts; Simon Snyder, late Governor of Pensylvania; Henry Mollieston, Governor elect of Delaware; Thomas Johnson, first Governor of Maryland, under the present Constitution; Thomas Sim Lee, second Governor of Maryland; Levin Winder, late Governor of Maryland; and William Rabun Governor of Georgia.

The recent decease of so many of the distinguished men of our country, is a subject of interesting remark. The departure of such individuals is at all times calculated to afford us an impressive lesson on the brevity of life, and the comparative worthlessness of worldly distinctions. It shows us that all men are heirs of the same inheritance, and that no circumstances of rank or attainments can postpone the hour of mortality.

There is, however, an additionally affecting circumstance in the departure of the worthies, who were distinguished for exertions in the field or cabinet, for the independence and happiness of our country. It has been remarked, that to no men was reserved so sublime a destiny, as to those who have passed through the storm of danger and dismay which howled round this nation, in her infancy, and seen her at length, triumph gloriously over every difficulty, and her eagle expand his wing to the gale, and soar upward amid the splendour of the rising luminary. The hours of watching and anxiety through which they passed received at length their reward, and they have enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of committing their country, as a rich legacy, to the care and affection of their children. We now enjoy the rich fruits of their labours; but it must awaken feelings of reverential sorrow, to see the patriotick fathers of our liberties pass from among us. We feel as when we first embark on the ocean of life, and commit our inexperienced barque to the billows, without the watchful guardianship of paternal tenderness. We seem to look forward with deeper anxiety and apprehension for the slumbering tempest, which it is our lot to encounter, without the wary skill and firm resolution of those who have hitherto protected us.

A few, comparatively, of the heroes of the Revolution now survive. Of that brilliant constellation, which once illumined the path to independence, nearly all have sunk into eternity. A few only now linger on the horison, and cast a benignant parting ray over the scenes which once rejoiced in their brightness. These also will soon descend, and our only consolation will be the hope, that the present and future generations will remember their splendour, and devote themselves with singleness of heart to the promotion of their country's interests.

We cannot conclude these hasty reflections without pausing for a moment over the memory of the late Governor STRONG. In his character, the incorruptible patriot was blended with the sincere Christian and the courteous gentleman.—Unwearied in his devotion to his country, and firm in his pursuit of those measures which his wisdom devised, he was never diverted from the path of duty by the assults of detraction, or by any suggestions of personal interest. It is honourable to his character, that when he had retired to private life, and the angry passions of party had subsided, the mild virtues of his character won upon the hearts of all his fellow-citizens. Like Aristides, to whom he has been justly compared, he has outlived the injustice of his enemies, and over his tomb there seems to be an unanimous burst of regret and lamentations. This is the high reward of incorruptible integrity. The voice of clamour and denunciation must soon be hushed, and the lustre of virtue be at length revealed, unsullied by the mists which obscured it for a season, and "shine more and more unto the pecfect day."

UP AND DOWN.

To the Editor of the Galaxy.

Sir,

I am a Dutchman of some little consequence, but being lame of one leg have had many ups and downs in life—From my earliest remembrance, when my mother used to toss me up and down, to the present time, I have been going up or down continually, and never till my arrival in this country had any doubt of the meaning of those words—The ups and downs which I suffered under the up-and-down-start Napoleon, made me heartily tired of my own country, and I came to this in a vessel which kept throwing me up and down continually, while my food was no sooner down my throat than it began to make preparation to come up again. When I first came ashore the land went up and down as bad as the vessel, so that I verily thought I had made but a poor exchange of countries. My limping faculty was sadly disturbed and ran hastily up one leg and down the other in search of its last and usual place of abode, while my legs themselves, like two hens in an argument, kept hopping up and down in a very untimely manner, and, as if doubting which was which, seemed to be puzzling themselves about the doctrine of identity—I will not be positive that it was so, but it seemed so to me——To return——All these ups and downs, were perfectly intelligible, corresponding, [illegible] an early impression of mine [illegible] up is up and down is down"—two fundamentals which no astronomical notions have ever been able to disturb. But the ups and downs of the English language, which I am now compelled to speak, have confused all my venerable ideas, and which is up and which down I know no more than a toad in a sling—You eat your food up and you swallow it down—You put up beef and you put butter down—You follow game up and you run game down—You dress a man up and you dress a horse down—You are right down mad and you are right up about it—You trip a man up and you knock a man down—You cut corn up and you cut corn down—You sit up and you sit down—You pay up and you pay down—You are taken down with a fever and you are laid up with a cold—and while you allow that a man is quite down, you still insist that he is fairly done up.

I mean to be right up and down with you Mr. Printer, and I tell you plainly if you do not make a better language you may talk it yourself—for I can talk high and low Dutch, a word of each alternately, and have less ups and downs in a whole volume than in a single page of your zig-zag lingo.

NICHOLAS.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

VESTIMENTAL ESSENCE.

Among the many recent singular Importations from Europe into the land of comparative darkness, is an article to which the attention of the public has been importunately drawn. Certificates and recommendations from personages of high standing in society, have been, *insidiously or otherwise*, procured and boldly published,—whether the testimonials are genuine or spurious it is of no consequence to enquire; since the imposition may not have been practised on those whose names are thus forestalled; for, some sort of composition producing the effects stated, may have been originally exhibited. But, to assert that the "*Essence Vestimentale*" now offered to the tricked inhabitants of this town, is of such efficacy as is affirmed in those certificates, is to frame a most flagitious falsehood.

To state facts then:—the writer hereof, purchased a bottle of the article in question at a shop in Malborough Street. Here is a copy of the accompanying "directions:"

"VESTIMENTAL ESSENCE.

"For removing spots of Grease, Paint, Oil, Tar, Turpentine, Wax, &c. from every sort of Silk, Cotton, Woollen or Linen Goods, (not excepting those of the most delicate fabric) without the least injury to their colour or lustre.

DIRECTIONS.

"Spread a clean napkin upon the table; upon this lay the goods to be cleaned; put a few drops of the Essence upon a piece of clean flannel or linen, and rub the spot till it begins to separate, then rub with a napkin till it is quite dry.—

"Should there be wadding between the silk, and the lining, it must be removed previous to the application of the Essence.

"It leaves no more stain than a drop of water—the smell, which is that of an agreeable perfume, may be entirely removed by holding it a few minutes before the fire, or by a few hours exposure to the air."

After many trials in the manner prescribed, repeated in various forms and on sundry fabrics spotted with the several substances above enumerated, not the smallest particle of some spots could be detached—while others were operated on in a manner even less effectual than would have attended the application of common *spirits of turpentine.*

A bottle of this "Essence" may possibly contain one third of a gill in quantity—certainly no more.—And, curious reader, what mighty components form this grand specific so ingeniously compressed into such a subtile *essence* that "a few drops" will efface the foulest stain?—

I WILL TELL THEE:

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE—and PURE WATER!—Nothing else, as I hope to be believed; viz. eight parts of the former and two of the latter—these I will undertake to affirm, from several experiments resulting in such a conclusion, are the only ingredients of the famous *essence vestimentale*; unless, peradventure, there may be commingled a few atoms of some cheap alcaline preparation—such as *soda* or *pearl-ash*.

For this quantity of choice materials, you are wheedled out of only seventy-five cents,—Which sum, perhaps we ought willingly to contribute towards defraying the travelling expences of those gentlemen who come so far to find the dolts out of whom they are to make their fortunes.—Think of the cost of transporting from America to France the principal ingredients, for which they are forced to pay 40 or 50 cents per gallon. Think of their immense pains to procure the purest water; and, after a due admixture of these cleaning essentials, the trouble of bottling and *hermetically sealing* this essence of essences. Then admire the humiliation—the departure from the privileges of superiority which induces the proprietors to return it upon our hands at the low rate of only seventy-five cents per bottle of one third of a gill—which by dint of a little arithmetic will be found to amount only to SEVENTY TWO DOLLARS per GALLON exclusive of the bottles!

It is not, seriously, a disappointed feeling—not mere vexation at my inability to eradicate a stain from a garment, that prompts me to the exposure of this base imposition. It is an indignant grief that the people like the Americans should digest such gross insults—should become so incessantly, and in such a diversity of modes, the egregious dupes of foreign mountebanks—the sport, the mockery of every bold faced quack who may condescend to come among us, and enrich himself with the pickings from our pockets. But we are a wise people—and the wiser we grow, the more we must pay for it.

QUIDAM.

BOSTON:
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1819.

RESPECTABLE PEOPLE, No. II.

Why is it, that so many of our mechanics, and tradesmen are so often seen with duns at their heels, or in courts and lawyers' offices? Is it that they lack industry and enterprise, or that they contract debts without an intention of paying them, till summoned by an attorney's letter, a writ, or an execution? No. It is because the *respectable*, (that is, the *rich*) people oppress and grind them without mercy and without justice. Mechanics—we speak of those whose means are slender and whose business is confined to contracts of small amount—are employed,—if employed at all—at the very lowest prices of labour,—they must also find all the materials necessary for accomplishing the paltry jobs about which they are employed. They are then obliged to wait three, six, and even twelve months, for their pay. The bill is presented, and the *respectable* man has company and cannot attend to it. It is presented a second time, and he has no money but what is in the bank; a third time, and the charges are too extravagant; a fourth time, and is is postponed till it can be compared with another bill; a fifth, and it is kept for examination. At the next call, the *respectable* man has lost or mislaid the bill, and a new one must be made. This new one is subjected to the same course of trial and delay,—till, perhaps, after waiting a year or two, wearing out at least one pair of shoes in dancing attendance, and deducting fifteen or twenty per cent. from the very lowest price of labour and materials, the mechanic gets his bill paid in bank bills which are not more than two or three per cent. below par, and so ragged that a broker is not safe in changing them, without deducting another per centage for the chance that they will remain upon his hands as *filthy rags*. In the mean time the labourer runs in debt for necessaries for his family. The shopkeeper becomes impatient, and at last, wearied out with promises, begins to suspect the debtor's veracity, and sues him. Here commences another bill of cost. He puts off the suit from term to term, till the expences nearly double the first amount of the debt, and then pays, at the *tail of an execution*. The court, lawyer's and sheriff's fees, with the interest on the account added to the loss in exchanging his money which he has just received from his *respectable* employer, he sets down to the amount of *profit* on his labour!

Pursuing this track, how long would it take a man, who commenced life with nothing but a good trade and a fair character to become one of the *respectable*, or as they are sometimes called, the *first* men of the town?

Some of the very *first* people in Boston, are in the habit of running up a bill at a grocery or dry-goods shop to a considerable amount. The retailer feels a delicacy in asking, often, for payment. Payment is therefore delayed till he is driven by necessity to reiterate his calls; it is then made in out-of-town money; after the *respectable* man, who may be a large speculator in real estate, or a bank-director, has taken care to strike off from the foot all the *odd cents*, though they should amount to ninety-nine, as he never pays any fractional parts of a dollar on so large a bill.

Another species of rascality is practised probably three hundred and sixty-five times a year in this town. *Respectable* men sell their own checks at a broker's office for foreign money to pay mechanics and tradesmen's bills. What nobility of nature must these gentlemen possess, and what praises are not due to them for their economy, and anxiety to save every thing——*except their own souls.*

MILITARY.

We are happy in being able to gratify our respected subscribers at Framingham—and the more so, because we can do it without offence to our own feelings,

—by publishing the following article from the Centinel of Wednesday last.

"On Wednesday last the Middlesex guards, a beautiful and well disciplined company of Light Infantry, recently organized in Framingham, and commanded by Capt. Hamilton, received from the ladies of that place, an elegant and highly finished standard, the workmanship of Mr. Curtis of this town.

The ceremony afforded high satisfaction, and was equally honourable to the fair donors and the favored objects of their bounty. The address by Miss Eliza Buckminster, and the reply of Ensign Coolidge, were delivered with a propriety, which deserved and received from all present, decided praise. The address was pronounced with modesty, simplicity, and dignity; and with a correctness of emphasis, and elegance of manner, which have seldom been equalled.

THE ADDRESS.

Sir—In behalf of the ladies of Framingham, I have the honor to declare to you, our satisfaction, that the customs of the times allow us a mode of expressing to the *Middlesex Guards*, the interest we feel in their prosperity.

We would not, Sir, be thought to view with indifference any thing which is intended for our protection and defence. We recognise too with pleasure, and perhaps with some pride, the important influence, which woman has exerted among every civilized people. In the history of the heroes of antiquity, we find honorable mention made of many females, who were distinguished for their patriotism; of some, who, in their country's defence, gave up their jewels and their costly attire to be exchanged for the implements of war; of others, who, with more than woman's fortitude, invested husbands, sons, and brothers, with the habiliments of the warrior.—With admiration, we behold the mother and wife of Coriolanus, repairing to his camp, and with tears entreating him to abandon the design of conducting a foreign army into the bosom of his native city. Though the injuries he has received from an ungrateful country are burning in his breast, and urging him on to revenge, yet his obdurate heart yields to their powerful solicitations. Although providence has circumscribed our duties by the narrow circle of domestic life, where, around our firesides, our hearts have often bled in commiserating the unhappy fate of thousands, sacrificed to raise the military fame of a nation, or to gratify the mad ambition of some lawless usurper; yet there are occasions, on which our sex may animate by their presence and encourage by their exhortations.

Assured, sir, that the Middlesex Guards, as a body, owe their existence to the best principles and feelings, we hasten to manifest the sincerity of our professions, by presenting to them, through you, this Standard,—the token of our regard and approbation. To the officers and members of the corps, may we be permitted to add, that although we hope the time has arrived, when we may inculcate a spirit congenial with our natures and consistent with the design of our religion; and when to preserve peace is the principal object in preparing for war; yet should our country call, we bid you obey the summons with alacrity, and hoist that ensign in her cause. Should it wave over you in battle, may the recollection of its having been presented by your wives and sisters, doubly nerve your arm in its defence. But always remember our desire, that it may never be an incentive to the pursuit of false glory, or of military science for its own sake. May your band continue to this village a school, in which shall be learned habits of discipline and of order; where the pride of good conduct, and the sentiments of true honor shall be cherished. In every situation may you repress those feelings, which christianity forbids, and which patriotism does not require. In fine, we trust your hearts will ever beat responsive to our wish, that the period may soon arrive, when no baleful banner, portending calamity and war, shall court the breeze of heaven; when all eyes shall turn with joy to the star in the east, as the glorious harbinger of perpetual peace on earth and good will among men.

THE REPLY.

Miss—This splendid token of esteem, and the flattering expressions of approbation, with which it is accompanied, demand on the part of the Middlesex Guards, the warmest demonstrations of gratitude.

It will not, I hope, be imputed, as a weakness peculiar to our infant corps, that like other *infants*, it is pleased with female smiles and caresses. For had our *tongues* denied the influence, which you have justly claimed for your sex, yet our *hearts* must, in the presence of *this fair* assemblage, have surrendered at discretion, long before any reinforcement of arguments could have come up to their relief. Nor will it, I trust, be deemed a derogation from our martial character, to acknowledge that we cordially acquiesce in your benevolent wishes for the permanent peace, prosperity, and happiness of the world.

Though we would not dissemble our admiration of military glory, worthily acquired, yet would we ever scrupulously distinguish the fierce ambition of a blood thirsty tyrant, from that generous emulation, which impels enlightened freemen to discharge with promptitude and effect those imperious duties, imposed by the voice of their country, the calls of humanity, and the mandate of nature's God.

While, as soldiers we would consecrate our blood by pouring it out in oblation to liberty and the rights of man; as citizens we would build up the altars of domestic happiness, and rear a shrine to every social virtue.

Happy are we in discovering that your minds have weighed as ours have, the motives, which, in a country like this, should awaken and stimulate, or direct and restrain, the emulation of the soldier.

Be pleased, then to accept on behalf of yourself, and your fair-constituents, our solemn assurances, that, while we look to Mount Calvary, and the banner of the cross for a guide to immortality;—while we look to Mount Vernon, and the banner of Washington, for an example of spotless patriotism, we shall also look to the Divinity in beauty's eye, for the inspiration of our valor, and to this banner as the rallying point, around which, in the hour of battle, life and hope, courage and discipline, virtue and honor, our sweetest sympathies and our warmest affections, shall either *triumph* or *expire* together.

ADVERTISEMENTS—EXTRA.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Shearjashub Sleekface, citizen of the universe, and professor of all arts and sciences, even the most occult and metaphysical, has the honour to inform the enlightened and liberal citizens of this metropolis, that he has just arrived from the inner surface of the globe, having emerged therefrom through the opening at the north pole, and offers his services to them as a teacher of any thing and every thing which they may have a desire to learn, and for which he asks nothing but a sum sufficient to carry him through the various countries situate on the outer surface of the earth, in order to convey a knowledge of his system to many thousands of human beings. He intends to give a Lecture at any meeting-house where he can gain admission and to any number of souls who may be disposed to countenance him with their presence, and at any time between this present and the year one thousand of the new era, dating from the discoveries of Captain John Cleves Symmes, and the arrival of Joseph Lancaster in the western hemisphere. He has brought recommendations from all the first families inhabiting the several concentric spheres of the terraqueous globe, proving beyond a doubt his capacity to teach every thing of what name or nature soever, to the entire satisfaction of his patrons, and in any given time not exceeding fifteen minutes. The art of resuscitating the dead he communicates to his pupils in seven minutes, by means of a resurrection machine of his own invention. The whole science of creation he teaches in a course of six lessons, by which the pupil will be enabled to erect worlds and systems in any part of space not previously occupied and people them with inhabitants to his own liking. All languages now spoken either on the outside or inside of the earth, he will engage to teach quicker than any body else, and the pronunciation will be indelibly impressed on the mind by a process much more simple and accurate than the system of Mr. Cummings, and which can be learnt in five seconds. He teaches the art of sweeping chimneys in a safer and more expeditious manner than that recommended by the president of Harvard College. Rhetoric and oratory he will dismiss in twenty-five seconds, and enable any man of rich and powerful connections to be a first rate orator. The dead languages are taught by electricity, three shocks being generally sufficient to give the learner a profound and critical knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Samaritan. 'Composition' in any language will be taught gratis, and any person having paid the regular fees of admission to one of the classes, will be instantly endowed with the power of composing whatever he pleases, from the lowest species of newspaper puff to the sublimest epic. —He also teaches the mode of erecting school-houses so that a master with only two eyes, or with no eyes at all, may teach eight thousand boys as much as he knows himself. ☞ Recommendations from the most respectable persons all over the world, will be exhibited to any one who doubts the qualifications of the advertiser.

☞ For terms apply to Mr. S. at his academy, at the north-north-west corner of Hoaxem-square, near the south end of Brainless-street.

LADIES' AUCTION.

Miss HENRIETTA BLUSTER, (*under the patronage of* Mad. Bluestocking,) has taken a spacious suite of rooms at No. 90, Cornhill, where she will open an auction office, for the accommodation of the ladies. —The first public sale will be on the 31st inst. when she will have the honour to offer to the highest bidder a variety of splendid and useful articles of female dress, among which are the following;—viz.

One elegant white French merino dress, made of only 3 remnants, which match so well, that in the evening the difference will not be perceptible.

Two ditto, made of 7 remnants, not quite so perfect.

One superb dress, worn by a Lady of the court only one season—very little soiled.

Ten dresses, worn but a few times by ladies of the *palais royale*, very elegant. [Certificates will be exhibited, proving that these dresses have never been worn, except at three masquerades, without another garment next to the skin.]

Twenty articles of dress, never worn, which are out of fashion in Paris; but will be quite the *ton* in "these regions," the ensuing winter.

One dozen Ladies' *Coleçons*, very fine and soft, suitable for the season,—entirely new.

Two dozen Ladies' *Camisoles*, ditto, ditto.

One case, containing *Fard rouge et blanc*, beauty washes, perfumery, and a variety of articles admirably calculated to give *apparent* perfection to the form and complexion.

N. B. Any lady having articles of dress a little worn, or out of fashion, may have them sold, if they be sent to the office in season.

Mrs. Bluestocking will attend regularly, and has kindly offered to put any article, or to bid it in, if it should not sell above the *limits*.

☞ Conditions, Cash, Boston money.—But of those ladies who shall give more than three times the retail price for any article, Foreign money will be received.

☞ The sale will commence at 10 o'clock; but there will be a suspension of the sale at 11 o'clock, for half an hour, in order to give ladies an opportunity to call at Mrs. Pease's confectionary shop, for their cake and glass of—*water*.

N. B.—All gentlemen who wear *corsets*, or are by general consent admitted to be *dandies*, are invited to attend. Nov. 23.

THE THEATRE.

Should we omit to notice the *novel*, *animated*, and *striking* performance at the theatre on Monday evening, we could not offer as an apology for the omission that we *wanted room*. It is useless however to take up any space in telling that which every body, who cares a farthing about the matter, knows already. We can only say that it was a famous *pitched battle*, but who came off victors, it was not so easy to decide. If to stand his ground and dispute his claims amidst the groans and hisses, the plaudits and acclamations of more than a thousand persons be a victory, Mr. Brown certainly came off conqueror. He might have said with Barnwell, "if to resolve to suffer be to conquer, I have conquered.—Painful victory!" What will be the final result of his resolution to play nothing but the first characters in tragedy, and the determination of the public to drive him from his position, we have no better means of judging, than every other person who visits the theatre. We have, indeed, an opinion respecting the merits of the question at issue between him and his opponents, which we are not obliged publickly to express. But this we think may be said without giving just cause of offence to any of the concerned—Mr. Brown manifests a spirit of independence, which, when nicely considered, we shall be the last to disapprove; but in the exercise of this feeling his conduct is directly at variance with his interest. It is folly for an actor, whose success and happiness depend on public favour, to openly bluster against popular opinion, if he can satisfy himself, it is distinctly and fairly expressed. After all, it requires little sagacity to perceive, that this business will end in one of two alternatives. Mr. B. will be compelled to recede from the *letter* of his engagement and comply with the wishes of the audience; or he will be driven entirely from the theatre—an event which every friend to theatrical industry and talent must deplore.

PUFFING.

Those who are ambitious of acquiring a knowledge of the sublime and most excellent art of Puffing, will do well to read an article in the Daily Advertiser of yesterday, about Mr. and Mrs. Bartley's Readings and Recitations—where beside being told how superior these readings are to all others that have ever been heard, and that the "Newcastle Apothecary" and an "old Scotch lady's long story about nothing," are very elegant and *classical* compositions,—they will learn that "Benedick and Beatrice have never been seen on our stage." This is really *information*. The Benedick of Hodgkinson, Chalaster, Bernard, and Cooper are nothing—the Beatrice of Mrs. Whitlock, Mrs. Wignell, Mrs. Stanley, and Mrs. Wheatley, are nothing—no—nothing—The efforts of all these geniuses, on the stage, sink into insignificance when put in competition with an hour's reading at Concert Hall!!

It is due to the proprietor of Merchants-Hall Reading Room to state thus publicly, that the discontinuance of the Galaxy on the files of that room is not to be attributed to any wish of his to disoblige the subscribers. The appearance of the paper on those files has ever been an act of gratuity, and for its discontinuance none of the subscribers to the Reading Room has any right to complain. A conviction that it was a serious obstacle in the way of our gaining a permanent establishment has induced the proprietor to consent, with his usual correctness of feeling and urbanity of deportment, that it shall no longer be received at the Reading Room.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have read the article entitled "Trading Justices and Constables," attentively; and should be glad to oblige the writer by inserting it. But we cannot perceive that it contains one solitary idea nor scarcely an expression, that is not in his essay of last week. It is a subject on which much might be written, and much that might be of service to the public, and our paper may be the medium of this writer's communications on two conditions—First, That they shall not exceed half or two thirds of a column—and Secondly, That he become one of our subscribers, by paying in advance three dollars.

Masonic Calendar.

☞ *Regular Communication of the Lodges, Chapters, &c. in Boston and the vicinity, for the ensuing week.*

Mount Lebanon Lodge,	Boston, Monday Evening.
St. Peter's,	Newburyport. do.
Mount Vernon,	Belchertown, do.
Middlesex,	Framingham, Tuesday.
Union,	Dorchester, do.
Washington,	Roxbury, Wednesday.
St. Alban's,	Wrentham, do.
Saco,	Saco, do.
Mount Hermon,	Malden, do.
Jordan,	Danvers, do.
Ancient Landmark,	Portland, do.
Columbian,	Boston, Thursday.

St. Andrew's R. A. C. Boston, Wednesday.

Marriages.

In East Windsor, Con. by the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Whiting Cooley, Esq. of Cambridge, Mass. to Miss Clarissa Allen, daughter of Israel Allen, Esq. of the former place.

Deaths.

In this town, Mr. Michael Roulstone, jr. oldest son of Col. Michael Roulstone, aged 21;—Mr. Samuel L. Parker, aged 52; Joseph Mulford, master of schr. Humbird; Miss Kezia West, aged 57. Miss Julia Maria Spear, aged 22.

In Fryeburg, (Me.) Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. Judah Dana, aged 35.

In Scarborough, Rev. Benjamin Chadwick, aged 74.

Beaver Bonnets and Plumes.

DANIEL MESSINGER, No. 1½, Newbury-Street, has received from London, Ladies' white, black, blue, fawn, and Devonshire brown,

BEAVER BONNETS,

of the newest fashion. A large assortment of

PLUMES,

of almost every colour that is worn.

Gimp Trimmings; Silk and Velvet Bands; Figured Satin Ribbands; Rosets and Buttons; Cords and Tassels;

Ladies' Girdles for Pelisses and Habits;

Gentlemen's superfine London Beaver HATS;

Youth's and Children's drab, drab and green under HATS, of the latest importation.

☞ He manufactures

LADIES' BEAVER BONNETS,

of the First Quality, in any pattern, and

Gentlemen's Superfine Beaver HATS,

which he will warrant equal to any ever offered for sale in this country,—Brewster's of New-York not excepted. He has also on hand a general assortment of

Furs and Hatters' Trimmings,

consisting of

Beaver, Muskrat, Camel's Hair & Russia Hair Skins; Silk and Gingham Linings; Black, blue, red and cream-coloured Leather; Gallons Bindings; Fashionable Bands; Large and fine Bow Strings; Hatters' Brushes; do. Irons; Cutting Knives; do. Buckets; Chipped Logwood; Tip Paper; White, yellow and black Buckles; English Glue; Aqua Fortis.

HOSIERY.

A small invoice Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's black, white, and slate Worsted HOSE. Ladies' and Gentlemen's black and white Silk and Worsted do.

GLOVES.

One trunk of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Beaver, Deer Skin, and Doe Gloves, part lined, fleecy —a few Ladies' and Gentlemen's black and white Silk, do.

All the above articles are offered for sale on the best terms for cash or approved credit.

Old Bonnets altered and trimmed in the most fashionable style. Nov. 19.

THEATRE.

Last Night of Mr. Wallack's Engagement.

THIS Evening, FRIDAY, Nov. 26, will be presented, Tobin's admired comedy, called,

The Honey Moon.

Duke Aranza, MR. WALLACK.

To which will be added the musical entertainment, called, the

Children in the Wood.

Walter, MR. WALLACK.

Thanksgiving Evening.

THE MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

MR. LEWIS respectfully informs the inhabitants of Boston and its vicinity, that he will give a Concert with his four Children, the eldest 9, and the youngest only 3 years of age, on THURSDAY, the 2d of December. The different instruments on which they will perform, are the Piano Forte, Violin, Violoncello, and Pedal Harp.

Particulars in future papers. Nov. 26.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

IN Boston, on the middle of January next, Doctor RAMSAY, formerly of Edinburgh, will deliver a course of instructions on PRACTICAL ANATOMY, and Demonstrations on COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, on the basis of Medical knowledge, Surgical dexterity, and Physiological deduction.

Particulars will be mentioned in a future publication. Nov. 26.

GROCERIES.

DANIEL L. GIBBENS, No. 42, Marlborough-street, sign of the *BEE HIVE*, offers for sale a complete assortment of GROCERIES,—among which are the following—

Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong } TEAS;

Madeira, Sicily Madeira, Sherry, Port, Vidonia, Lisbon, and Claret } WINES;

Cognac BRANDY; Old Jamaica SPIRIT; St. Croix RUM; Cherry RUM; Holland and American GIN; London PORTER; Bottled CIDER;

Loaf, White and Brown Havanna, Muscovado and Sugar House } SUGARS;

Mocha, Sumatra, and West-India COFFEE; Spermaceti, Mould, and Dipped CANDLES;

Neyseau, Chocterbery, Cinnamon, Rose, Aniseed, and Clove } CORDIALS;

White and Brown SOAP; English Split PEAS; No. 1 and 2 CHOCOLATE; SHELLS; Scotch Barley; Salt Petre; Old Dun FISH; Lorrillard's SNUFF; Cavendish, Fine-cut smoking Tobacco;

Cracked COCOA; Whole and Ground RICE; HOPS; Sugar House MOLASSES; PRUNES; Muscatel and Cask RAISINS; GRAPES; ALMONDS; FILBERTS; English WALNUTS; CINNAMON; CLOVES, ALSPICE, NUTMEGS, MACE, GINGER, CAYENNE, MUSTARD, SOY, Preserved GINGER, Guaver JELLY; Superfine FLOUR, Buckwheat Flour in half bbls. CHEESE from the most celebrated Dairies; A few boxes of Madeira CITRON; Spanish and American CIGARS;

Together with a great variety of other articles, usually found in a Grocery Store, all which are warranted and will be sold on reasonable terms. Nov. 26.

JOHN BROOKS,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that by the assistance of a friend who has appointed J. B. his Agent, he has commenced business at his former stand, No. 5, State-Street, where all articles of Clothing will be made as usual.

A complete stock of fresh Goods has been procured by his employer, whose name together with the articles of agreement will be exhibited to all persons interested who will inquire as above.

The subscriber solicits his friends to afford to his establishment their former patronage, and assures them that it will be his constant aim to deserve their approbation. JOHN BROOKS, Agent.

Farm for Sale.

TO be sold, or exchanged for Real Estate in this town, a Small farm 7 1-2 Miles from Boston, containing Ten Acres of SUPERIOR LAND, a good Orchard, a two Story HOUSE almost new, BARN and excellent Well of Water, &c. will be disposed of on favourable terms, either on a credit or in exchange for Real Estate in Boston. Enquire at the Galaxy Office. Nov. 26.

Ladies' Beaver Bonnets, Plumes, Hats, &c.

SELLING OFF AT REDUCED PRICES, TO CLOSE THE CONCERN,

AT NO. 2, PROVINCE-HOUSE ROW, (NEARLY OPPOSITE THE OLD SOUTH,)

A VERY extensive assortment of the following articles, viz.

HATS.

Gentlemen's warranted superfine Beavers,
Do. common and low priced Hats,
Do. English fine and common do.
Youth's and children's plain and fancy do.
Full trimmed fine and common Military do.
Gentlemen's and children's Fur Caps,

BEAVER BONNETS.

Ladies' black, white, drab, blue and brown, Beaver Bonnets, with elegant Plumes and trimmings to match.

Ladies' and misses' black, white and drab Scotch Turbans, full trimmed, a very fashionable article.

Misses' black, white, blue, drab and brown Beaver Bonnets.

PLUMES, TRIMMINGS, &c.

Black, white, drab and fancy Ostrich and Down Plumes.

Gimp, Binding, Banding, and Ornaments for Ladies' Beaver Bonnets, all colors.

Bow-strings, Brushes, and Cards, with a general assortment of HATTER'S TRIMMINGS,

Shippers of Hats, country traders and Hatters are requested to call and examine the above Goods, all of which will be sold for less than usual. What remains unsold, will be offered at auction in January next, as the concern must positively be closed by that time.

Ladies' and Misses' Bea or Bonnets altered, coloured, and trimmed in the best manner.—Plumes altered and curled. Nov. 26.

LYRA BOREALIS.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

MR. EDITOR,

Should the following be thought worthy of a place among your *Selected poetry*, it may perhaps afford amusement to such of your readers as are about to enter on a pedagogical career, especially, at the present season. I believe it was originally calculated for the latitude and longitude of some part of Connecticut, but you will perceive that without any essential alteration, it will serve for any of the adjoining states.

Yours, A. L.

COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Put to the door, the school's begun,
Stand in your places every one.
Read in the Bible,—tell the place.
Job. 29, and the 17th verse.
Caleb, begin,—" *and he shall suck*"—
Sir, Moses got a pin and stuck—
Silence! Stop, Caleb.—Moses, here,
What's this complaint? I did'nt, Sir.
Hold up your hand, what is't? a pin!
O dear, Sir, I wont do so 'gin.
Read on—*The increase of his h— h— horse.*
Hold.—H, O, U, S, E, spells house.
Sir, what's that word?—I can't tell it.
Can't you, indeed?—Why spell it—*spell it.*
Begin yourself I say. *Who I?*—
Yes; Try, sure you can spell it—try.
Go take your seats and primmers, go;
You shan't abuse the bible so,
Will pray, sir, master, mend my pen?
Say Master, that's enough. Here, Ben,
Is this your copy? Can't you tell?
Set all your letters parallel.
I've done my sum, it's just a'great,
Let's see it. *Master m'i g'out.*
Yes. Bring some wood in. What's that noise?
Twint I sir, t'o themmare boys.
Come Billy, read. What's that? *That's a.*
Sir, Jim has snatch'd my rule away.
Return it, James. Here rule with this.
Billy read on. *That's crutked S.*
Read in the Spelling book. Begin:
The boys are out. Then call them in.
My nose bleeds; may'nt I get some ice,
And hold it in my breeches?—Yes.
Take your seats there. Tim, spell tool,
I can't sir. Try. T, W, L.
How's this! just come, Sam? Why I been——
Who knocks? *I dont know sir,* Come in.
Your most obedient, sir,—" and yours."
Sit down, Sir. Sam put to the doors.
What do you bring to tell that's new?——
Nothing that's either strange or true.
What a prodigious school! I'm sure,
You've got a hundred here, or more;
A word, Sir, if you please, I will.
You girls, till I come in, be still,
Come we can dance to night, so you
Dismiss your brain distracting crew,
And come,—for all the girls are there,
We'll have a fiddle, and a play'r;
Well mind and have the sleigh bells sent,
I'll soon dismiss my regiment.——
Silence! the second class must read
As quick as possible——proceed.
Not found your book yet?—Stand, be fix'd!
The next read.—stop—the next——the next.
You need not read again, 'tis well!
Come Tom and Dick, choose sides to spell.
Poe got a word. Well name it,—*Gissard.*
Tom, spell it——*G, I, Z.*
Spell conscience, Jack. *K, O, N, Ken—*
S, H, U, N, T, S, well done!
Put out the next. *Mine's folks.*
Dick spell it. *P, E, O, U, K, S.*
O shocking! this will never do,
Try it again.—No matter, go,
Lay up your books, and you, Josiah,
Help Jed to make the morning fire.

THE LAWYER.

Physicians will abuse each other:
The priest won't call the lawyer brother;
While Salkeld still beknaves the parson,
And says he *cants* to keep the farce on!
Yet will I readily suppose
They are not truly bitter foes,
But only have their pleasant jokes,
And banter, just like other folks,
As thus; for so they quiz the Law!
Once on a time the attorney Flaw,
A man, to tell you as the fact is,
Of vast chicane, of course of practice,
(But what profession can we trace
Where *some* will not the corps disgrace?
Seduced, perhaps, by roguish client,
Who tempts him to become more pliant,)
A notice had to quit the world—
And from his desk at length was hurl'd:
Observe, I pray, the plain narration;—
'T was in a hot and long vacation,
When time he had, but no assistance,
Though great from courts of law the distance,
To reach the court of Truth and Justice,
(Where I confess my only trust is:)
Though here below the learned pleader
Show'd talents worthy of a leader,
Yet his own cause he must support,
Be sometimes witty with the court,
Or work the passions of a jury
By feeble strains, or full of fury,
Mislead them all, though twelve apostles,
While with new law the judge he jostles,
And makes them all give up their powers
To speechless sit at least three hours!
But we have left our little man,
And wander'd from our purpos'd plan:—
'T is said, without ill nature'd leaven,
"If ever lawyers get to heaven,
It surely is by sheer degrees."
Perhaps 'tis slow they take their fees!
The case then, now I'll fairly state;
Flaw reach'd at last to heaven's high gate:
Quite spent, he rapp'd,—none did it master;
The gate was open'd by St. Peter,
Who look'd astonish'd when he saw,
All black, the little man of law!
But charity was Peter's guide,
For having once himself denied
His Master, he would not o'erpass
The penitent of *any class*;
Yet never having heard there enter'd
A lawyer, nor of one that ventur'd
Within the realms of Peace and Love,
He told him, mildly, to remove—
And would have clos'd the gate of day,
Had not old Flaw in suppliant way,
Demurring to so hard a fate,
Begg'd but to look though through the gate.
St. Peter, rather off his guard,
Unwilling to be thought too hard,
Opens the gate to let him peep in:—
What did the lawyer?—did he creep in;
Or dash at once to take possession?
Oh no—he knew his own profession:
He took his hat off with respect,
And would no gentle means neglect;
But, finding it was all in vain
For him admittance to obtain,
Thought it were best, let come what will,
To gain *an entry* by his skill;
So, while St. Peter stood aside,
To let the door be open'd wide,
He skimm'd his hat with all his strength
Within the gate to no small length!
St. Peter star'd; the Lawyer ask'd him
"Only to fetch his hat,"—and pass'd him;
But when he reach'd the *Jack* he 'd thrown,
Oh, then was all the lawyer shown
He clapp'd it on; and, arms a-kimbo,
As if he 'd been the gallant Bembo,
Cried out, " What think you of my plan?—
Eject me, Peter, if you can."

MISCELLANY.

EUROPEAN SKETCH.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Hamburg to his friend in Savannah.

It is now more than five years since I left Savannah, the greatest part of which time I have been in foreign countries, and have travelled over a considerable portion of Europe, until its manners and customs have become as familiar to me as those of my own country. I have made it a principal object of my journies to investigate the character and the habits of different classes of society, the commercial connections of the different states, and their political and their social relations to each other; my notes on the subject are somewhat extensive and are interspersed with a number of anecdotes which the variety of situations in which I have been placed would naturally give me an opportunity of acquiring; these, when we meet, will, I hope, afford you as much pleasure as they have been instructive and agreeable to myself.

I made a short trip a few days since to a fashionable bathing place on the Baltic, called Travenundi; we passed Lubeck, and put up at an inn where we happened to meet madame Catalini, who is on her way to St. Petersburgh; as I am well aware of your taste and science in music; any little anecdote relating to so extraordinary a performer will I know please you——Madame C travels in the style of a princess; she is accompanied by her husband, her master of music and a lady, who sometimes plays on the piano forte, with a great number of servants; this master of music is made in the true John Bull style, with a face like the full moon, red and fiery, and most admirably set off with carbuncles, and when in the act of giving time to the orchestra has all the brilliancy of the noon day sun, for there is not a feature to be distinguished in it. The following was told by the landlady in France: Madame C. had taken a slight cold, which had in a trifling manner affected her throat; this produced a dreadful consternation in the party, but particularly the poor master of music was inconsolable; he ran about the house like a madman, begging in the most pathetic manner for a plume (a plume in French may either mean a pen or a feather) and it unfortunately so happened that the hostess believing he was desirous of writing, handed him a pen and ink—if the poor master of music was distracted before, what must be his situation now, as considerable time was thus lost, and every minute appeared of the utmost consequence; he roared out with all his might and main, madame will die, have you no feeling, get me a feather; the whole house was now set in chase of the poor fowls, and having caught one, the poor sufferer was instantly set cackling by the vehemence with which the master pulled out a handful of feathers, selecting one, however, he immediately ran up stairs, and dipping it in oil presented it to her lovely mouth; and with all the science and system that belonged to this part of his profession, began to tickle her pretty throat, until she, satisfied with the operation, declined any further assistance. The manner of relating this anecdote is every thing in French; you can give it all the drollery that would burst you with laughter; but in order to enjoy it still more, it is necessary to have seen the master of music and madame Catalini.

Europe is in a state of profound peace, notwithstanding the rumors to the contrary—there have been seen some arrests in Prussia to be sure, in consequence of some little indications of a revolutionary movement; but these movements are well understood in this quarter to be the effect of the policy of the Prussian court, in order to give some colour to the keeping up so large a standing army. The king of Prussia is disliked, and even hated by his subjects—he promised them, previous to the conquest of France by the allies, that should the war be brought to a happy termination, and peace once again be restored to Europe, he would ameliorate their condition, and give them such a constitution as would guarantee their rights as men and as citizens. In consequence of this declaration and relying on the *honour of a king*, they made immense sacrifices, and gave their lives and their fortunes freely as an offering on the altar of their country's freedom—the result was peace to Europe—but the royal honour is still unredeemed, and instead of ameliorating their condition, a powerful standing army is over them, watching every indication of a movement, which has its origin in despair, to rivet the chains still closer. At Frankfort on the Maine, at Wurtzburgh and at Bamberg, there have been some hostile proceedings against the Jews by the mob; it went so far that this poor persecuted race were driven out of those three cities, in the first of which they composed about one quarter, and in the other two nearly a third of the whole population; this of course caused infinite distress, but the police took it up immediately, and they have again been restored to their homes—but they must ever live in dread, fear and trembling, for whilst the police are not able to prevent an occurrence of this kind, and were only able to restore order after three or four days of violence—and when they have not dared to bring to justice the principal offenders, in whom can these unfortunate people place confidence; not in themselves, for they have no arms, not in the laws, for they cease to afford them protection; not in the sympathy and good feelings of their fellow beings, for they are tigers who seek to devour them. It is in vain that we say we live in an age of civilization and refinement, posterity will not award it to us, but rather will they express their astonishment that in an age which boasted of its advancement in knowledge, when the arts and sciences flourished as it were in all their perfection, that we had not yet divested ourselves of the prejudices of the eleventh century, when the popes were acknowledged as God's vicegerent; or but little removed from the more cruel and sanguinary reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, in the fifteenth century.

England has attained her zenith;—her glory is fast eclipsing, and the brilliancy of her achievements are lost sight of in the melancholy and distressing situation of her local politics.

France is at peace—the volcano is smothered, but its materials remain, and the death of the present king will be the signal for another eruption.

Russia remains a quiet spectator—with an army actually in the field of eight hundred thousand men, she is watching the moment when the internal distractions of the continent offers her a pretext to pour her millions into the heart of Europe; and although every power looks with an eye of jealousy and of terror on her means and her inclination to destroy them, still their own internal jealousies prevent any united effort to ward off the blow, which appears almost certain to fall upon them.

In the north of Germany the manners are not so highly refined as in the south—there is a coldness and an insensibility which, to an American, at first glance, appears disgusting—this coldness however wears off in time, and you become in some measure reconciled to it, that is to say, it is the business of a traveller that whatever society he may find himself placed in, to endeavour at least to make himself agreeable; each society has its peculiarities, which may not answer to his own standard of refinement, but notwithstanding there is none in which he may not be gratified by a little exertion and forbearance of his own.

The last months have brought a succession of all the best performers to this theatre; I have therefore had an opportunity of seeing some of Schiller's and Kotzebue's pieces in the hands of the best masters—I do not pretend to a sufficient knowledge of the German language to give a critical description of the individual merit of each performer—but I have seen Cook and have seen Deverent, and am satisfied that for just conception of the author, for correct delineation of character, their merit is equal; I have seen them in the same character, in Cumberland's Jew; their conception of Sheva was the same, it was as fine a piece of acting as ever was displayed on any boards, free from all that nonsense, that overacting, that playing *for effect*, as it is called, with which Kean amuses a London audience.

I cannot say any thing of Madame Catalini's singing, because language is a poor medium to convey any idea of her powers; they are of so extraordinary a character, that no creature has as yet ever reached them—and after hearing her, the only regret we feel is that she cannot live forever.

Baltimore Mercn. Chronicle.

From the Aurora.

MR. DUANE. The severe scourging which the people have received from the banks, it is hoped, will have the effect of placing them on their guard in future, how they sell their liberties, and place their happiness at the disposal of *privileged orders*. Few persons imagined, when they took up loans from the banks, that the promissory notes they signed were really *bonds of servitude*, more galling than the chains of slavery, and wholly inconsistent with the spirit of free government. A friend of mine, who has been for years writhing under the lash of oppression, said the other day, that, if the people would reflect seriously, when they put their hands to paper, what it was they were about to do, fewer bankruptcies would take place, and less misery would be inflicted, than are experienced at the present day.

He then sat down and wrote the form of a promissory note, which he said contained the substance of all those he had ever signed; and, as it may contain some useful hints to the unwary, I have thought it worth communicating. *If it were generally introduced into use, it would save many an aching heart and sleepless night.* It is as follows;

"Sixty days after date, I promise to pay to the order of *Timothy Gripe*, without defalcation, one thousand dollars, for value received. And in case I should, through the dispensation of Providence, sickness, losses in trade, or from any other casualty that flesh is heir to, be unable to pay this note, then I bind myself, body and soul, to serve the said Timothy Gripe during the term of my natural life, without being any charge to him; that I will neither possess house, bed, chair, table, or cradle, but by his permission; and when he so wills it I will suffer him the said Gripe to incarcerate me; after which I will again serve him as before, and hold none of the comforts or necessaries of life but by his indulgence. JEREMY SMASHPIPES."

TRIFLES.

It is in what the world reckons trifles that a good understanding should not employ itself. Great occasions generally direct their own operations, and but seldom occur; while every day's experience presents you with small cares sufficient to exercise your utmost prudence upon: Therefore,

"Think nought a trifle, though it small appear,
Small sands, the mountain—moments make the year
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you learn to live."

DR. YOUNG.

HUMAN NATURE.

There are two sorts of moral writers—The one represents human nature in an angelic light, and the other in a beastly one—They are both wrong. Dr. Young has a just sentiment in his Centaur, which reconciles these different writers. "We cannot think too highly of our natures, nor to meanly of ourselves."

MISREPRESENTATIONS.

There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition, and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It is gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

A REFLECTION FOR THE ILLIBERAL.

A PERSON may not *merit favor*, as this is only the *claim* of man, but can never *demerit charity*, for that is the *command* of God.

TITLES.

Titles of honor are like the impressions on coins—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

DELICACY.

The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

PUBLIC LIFE.

Men are like plants—some delight in the sun, and others in the shade.

A curious Attempt at the sublime.

"THE wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the vallies lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, or a shrub even big enough—*to make a tooth pick.*"

Cook's Voyage.

COL. BODENS, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how d'ye? answered "Pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, Sir," rejoined the man, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

SELECT SENTENCES.

GREAT wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

WE should feel death but once; he who fears death, dies every time he thinks of it.

A MISER of sixty years old refuses himself necessaries, that he may not want them when he is a hundred.

Too much devotion leads to fanaticism; too much philosophy to irreligion.

The prejudices of youth pass away with it: those of old age last only because there is no other age to be hoped for.

Weeping Beauty.

From morn to night, or griev'd or glad,
Lucilla's looks are always sad;
Her kerchief she with tears is steeping:
Some think the pretty wretch gone mad,
But lately I the reason had——
She looks most beautiful when weeping

Epitaph.

Here lies the Devil—ask no other name!
Well—but you mean Lord——? Hush! we
mean the same.